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KHYBER INCIDENT



DON HECK



I HAD BEEN INACTIVE FOR A MONTH! THUS I WELCOMED THE URGENT CALL, TO THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

YOU'RE JUST FITTED FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT, DUKE. THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IS LOANING YOU TO INDIA. IT'S VERY CONFIDENTIAL, VERY DANGEROUS! CORRECT, MR. SHAH?

INDEED. YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF MEDICINE, DOUGLAS, SAHIB, MAY GET YOU INTO THE HILLS. YOUR EXPERIENCE CAN SERVE US. OUR VERY EXISTENCE IS THREATENED.

BUT MEDICINE! I WAS BUT A LAST-YEAR MEDICAL STUDENT WHEN I JOINED THE ARMY, INTELLIGENCE, IN 42.

IT IS ENOUGH. THERE IS AN EPIDEMIC, BUT YOUR MEDICINE IS ONLY A CLOAK. IN THE HILLS, A JIHAD IS FORMING, INSTIGATED BY RUSSIA THROUGH A NATIVE HILLMAN OF GREAT INFLUENCE, ILLAM KHAN.





NOTHING TO
IT'S ONE LOVE
MORTAL TO
COMBAT THE
ESPIONAGE
OF THE SOVIET
UNION! TO GO
TO THE KHYBER
PASS AND STOP
A VIHAD... A
RELIGIOUS
WAR! FOUR
WEEKS
LATER...

WELL, AS RAMA
PAJ THE HAKIM, I
HAVE ILLAM KAHN'S
PERMISSION TO
FIGHT THE
EPIDEMIC!

I HAD COME BY WATER AND TRAIN, HAVING CHOSEN THE SLOWER WAY TO TRAVEL, SO I MIGHT MIX WITH CROWDS, THUS GRADUALLY ADJUST MYSELF TO THE ROLE OF WEALTHY MUSLEM PHYSICIAN, INTERESTED IN HIS COUNTRYMEN. I HAD REACHED NEAR PERFECTION BY THE TIME I ARRIVED IN DELHI... NOW I HAD ONLY TO STAY ALIVE AND OUTGUESS THE SOVIET, BEFORE THEY SHOULD OUTGUESS AND ELIMINATE... ME!



THAT I STAVED ALIVE FIVE
MINUTES AFTER LEAVING THE
TRAIN WAS ONLY BY THE
GRACE OF FATE...

..THAT CAUSED MY SHOELACE
TO BECOME UNKNOTTED...



I GOT AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF
THE KNIFING AS FAST AS I COULD.
I COULD NOT AFFORD TO BECOME
A WITNESS FOR THE POLICE. I
COULD NOT AFFORD TO BE
QUESTIONED...



IT WAS COINCIDENCE! IT HAD TO BE!
NO ONE BUT ILLAM KAHN KNOWS
THAT I AM COMING, AND **NOT**
EVEN HE KNOWS WHAT
I LOOK LIKE!

I TOLD MYSELF THE KNIFE WAS NOT MEANT FOR ME,
BUT IT DID NOT STOP THE PRICKLING SENSATION
ALONG MY SPINE. I FELT BETTER WHEN I HAD
LOCKED MYSELF INSIDE MY HOTEL ROOM. THEN...



HMMM. AN ENVELOPE
ADDRESSED TO ME. I
CAN READ IT FROM
HERE! TO RAMA
PAN SAHIB!

I TORE OPEN THE ENVELOPE. INSIDE WAS A LETTER—TYPE WRITTEN, BUT TYPEWRITTEN IN URDU. I TRANSLATED...

"TO RAMA PAJ SAHIB BY THE ORDER OF THE SECRETARY TO ILLAM KHAN: BEFORE YOU JOURNEY INTO THE HILLS, DISCUSSION AND TEA AWAIT YOU AT 17 GAIWADI THIS EVENING AT SEVEN."



IT WAS ALL TOO PAT, YET I COULD NOT REFUSE TO GO, FOR THE ADDRESS WAS GENUINE, THE ONE TO WHICH I PREVIOUSLY HAD SENT ALL MY CORRESPONDENCE AS I STOOD IN THAT STRANGE, EXOTIC ROOM, MY MIND RENDRED THE QUESTION OVER AND OVER...



WHO WROTE THAT LETTER IN URDU? SOMEONE WHO KNOWS DUKE DOUGLAS?

HELLO DUKE!



I TURNED, FACING HER, NOTING THAT SHE WAS AS BEAUTIFUL... AND DOUBTLESS AS DEADLY AS EVER!...



LLANYA! LLANYA DAVANY! YOU!

ARE YOU SURPRISED, DUKE?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ME? I'M SECRETARY TO THE MULLAH... TO ILLAM KHAN! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE RAMA PAJ! BUT YOU COULD NOT DECEIVE ME IN ANY DISGUISE, DUKE!



"AFTER THE WAR I RETURNED TO MEDICINE. GENERAL PRACTICE IS MUCH TOO TAME. AND I READ OF THE EPIDEMIC IN THE HILLS!"

TOO TAME FOR YOU... I CAN BELIEVE IT, DUKE. I, TOO, HAVE CHANGED. I HAVE GIVEN UP THE SOVIET CAUSE. HERE, I LIVE ONLY TO REMEMBER. DO YOU REMEMBER, DUKE?



LIKE A TORRENT UNLEASHED BY A BROKEN DAM, THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS FLOODED MY MEMORY. DID I REMEMBER? PARIS UNDER PESTAIN... STALINGRAD UNDER HITLER'S BOOT?... THEN RUSSIA WAS AN ALLY. THEN LLANYA AND I WORKED TOGETHER... AND I FOUND LOVE!...



...AND DISILLUSIONMENT AND DOUBLE-CROSS. PART OF THE INFORMATION I HAD GIVEN HER AS AN INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVE HAD GIVEN THE SOVIETS AN ADVANTAGE AT TEHERAN AND VALTA. I BROKE AWAY FIGHTING FOR CONTROL. SHE MUST NOT REALIZE ALL I HAD REMEMBERED...

SHALL I RING FOR TEA, DARLING?

YES. RING FOR TEA.

LLANYA KNEW ALL ALONG IT WAS I. HOW? IS THERE A TRAITOR ON HARIM SHAH'S STAFF IN WASHINGTON? IN THE SECRETARIAT? NOW I DO KNOW THAT KNIFE WAS MEANT FOR ME!

DUKE, YOU'RE DREAMING! I SAID I CAN HELP YOU... UNDERSTAND ILLAM KHAN!

..UH.. WHAT'S THAT, LLANYA?

I WAS NEVER TO KNOW HOW LLANYA LEARNED MY TRUE IDENTITY. THE NEXT DAY I WENT TO PESHAWUR WHERE AN AFRIDI GUIDE FROM THE MULLAH'S CAMP MET ME, AND WE STARTED ON OUR JOURNEY.

TWO DAYS LATER...

ILLAM KHAN BIDS YOU WELCOME, RAMA PAJ. ALLAH WILL REWARD YOU FOR YOUR MERCY!

MY HUMBLE SKILL IS AT YOUR COMMAND, GREAT KHAN!

BELOW THE TENTS OF TEN THOUSAND WARRIORS, THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN. A THOUSAND LIE STRICKEN WITH A PLAGUE. TAKE SICKNESS AND DEATH FROM US AND I SHALL BE EVER AT YOUR MERCY.

I SHALL TRY, ILLAM KHAN.

I FOUND A "FLU" EPIDEMIC RAGING. LLANYA HAD NOT WANTED ME THERE. BUT SINCE I HAD COME I KNEW SHE WOULD HOLD BACK THE VENOM OF HER FANGS, UNTIL I HAD SERVED HER RED MASTERS...

I SAW THAT THE CHILD'S ILLNESS WAS NOT SERIOUS. I HAD BROUGHT WITH ME A LARGE SUPPLY OF ANTIBIOTICS...

GO, HAKIM. THE BOY WILL DIE, AS HAVE THE OTHERS!

WE SHALL SEE!

THE BOY WILL BE ALL RIGHT. TOMORROW YOU WILL SEE. HE WILL FEEL MUCH BETTER.

ALLAH BLESS YOU, HAKIM.

WORKING AGAINST THE EPIDEMIC WAS A THRILL WELL WORTH THE JOURNEY INTO THE HILLS, AND THE GRATITUDE OF THE TRIBE BOUNDLESS. THERE WERE DAYS AND NIGHTS WHEN I DID NOT SLEEP, YET THOSE TIMES WERE GRATIFYING, BUT BEYOND THE CURE DEATH AWAITED THE HAKIM...



IN TIME THOUGH I BECAME ONE OF THEM. AT LAST CAME CONFIDENCE. I MUST USE THAT. IT WAS MY ONLY WEAPON AND TIME WAS FLEETING!



AH, HAKIM, SOON... THE JIHAD WHEN WE OF THE HILLS SHALL FOLLOW OUR MULLAH DOWN UPON INDIA! ALL INDIA THEN SHALL BELONG TO ALLAH!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.



THE TIME HAD COME WHEN I MUST SHOW MY HAND...

LOOK, YOU MEN OF THE HILLS! DO YOU NOT THINK THE GIVER OF THOSE GUNS HAS MORE AND BIGGER GUNS!! ONCE YOU HAVE OPENED THE KHYBER FOR THEM? RUSSIA SITS LIKE THE GREAT BEAR... READY TO MARCH! ONCE INSIDE INDIA SHE WILL FORGET HER PROMISES... BELIEVE ME!



"COME," THEY SAID, AND LED ME TO A CAVE...

LOOK, YOU! SOON WE SHALL OWN INDIA! FOR THE GREAT ILLAM KHAN HAS PROMISED OF THOSE BEYOND THE PASS... GUNS AND MORE GUNS UNTIL WE RULE!



AS I SPOKE I SAW THE QUESTIONS IN THEIR FACES. I KNEW I WAS SOWING SEEDS OF DOUBT. BUT WHEN I FINISHED, THEY WERE SULLEN...



LLANYA HAD SAID TO LEAD GRADUALLY AND EASILY TO ANY SUBJECT I WANTED TO PRESENT TO ILLAM KHAN. I DID NOT. INSTEAD I WENT DIRECTLY TO THE POINT. I TOLD HIM WHAT I HAD TOLD THE HILL MEN...



SUMMON MY WARRIORS TO THE GREAT THEATRE, NAKIM, AT SUNDOWN.

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, MASTER.



I WILL MEET YOU THERE, RAMA PAJ SAHIB. I WILL UTTER MY APPROVAL TO THE THINGS YOU HAVE SUGGESTED. I WILL ORDER MY ARMIES TO HOLD BACK ALL TO THE NORTH. THEIR GUNS SHALL BE USED AGAINST THEM!



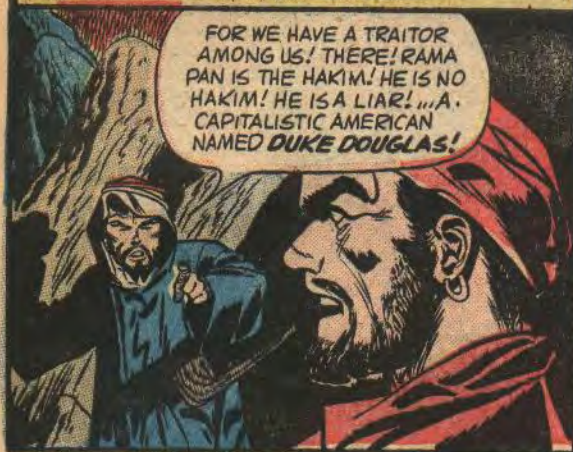
I WAS AMAZED AT THE EASE WITH WHICH I HAD CONVINCED THE MULLAH. I WAS ELATED WHEN I WENT TO THE GREAT OUTDOOR THEATRE. KHAN WAS THERE ALREADY, SLIGHT, ALMOST GIRLISH IN BUILD, AND I WONDERED AT HIS POWERS OVER THOUSANDS... UNTIL HE SPOKE... HIS VOICE WAS SHARP, PENETRATING, COMMANDING

MY WARRIORS, WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED! ALL OUR HOPE OF GREAT POWER WOULD HAVE BEEN BUT A WISH... A DREAM...



THE KHAN'S VOICE ROSE IN A FRENZY, AND SUDDENLY I REALIZED THE REASON FOR HIS FURY....

FOR WE HAVE A TRAITOR AMONG US! THERE! RAMA PAN IS THE HAKIM! HE IS NO HAKIM! HE IS A LIAR! ...A CAPITALISTIC AMERICAN NAMED DUKE DOUGLAS!



HE HAS TASTED THE SALT! KILL HIM! KILL HIM!

YES, KILL HIM!



WAIT! HOLD JUDGEMENT! LOOK! YOUR MULLAH IS A WOMAN! WHAT DO YOU WARRIORS SAY NOW? A WOMAN WHO HAS ALSO TASTED THE SALT!



ILLAM KHAN'S VOICE ROSE TO ITS HIGHEST FRENZIED PITCH, AND THAT WAS HIS UNDDING ... I SPRANG AS THE AFFRIDI'S KNIFE SWISHED THE AIR....



KILL HIM, DO YOU HEAR? KILL HIM, NAKIM!

KILL HER! KILL HER!





WAIT! WOULD YOU
KILL A WOMAN?
A WARRIOR, YES!
BUT NOT A WOMAN!
LET ME SPEAK!

**SPEAK,
HAKIM!
SPEAK!**

**WHATEVER LLANYA WAS, I ONCE LOVED
HER, AND I COULD NOT LET HER DIE...**



**I AM AN AMERICAN. BUT HAVE
I NOT ALSO BEEN YOUR FRIEND?
THEN LET ME TAKE THIS WOMAN
TO YOUR GOVERNMENT! HER
TRIAL WILL WARN THE WORLD
OF THE TRUE SOVIET AIMS!**



TAKE
HER,
HAKIM!

**NO, NO! FOOL! DO YOU THINK THE SOVIET
WOULD LET ME LIVE FOR THE TRIAL! THEY
WOULD FIND A WAY TO... I WOULD
RATHER DIE!!**

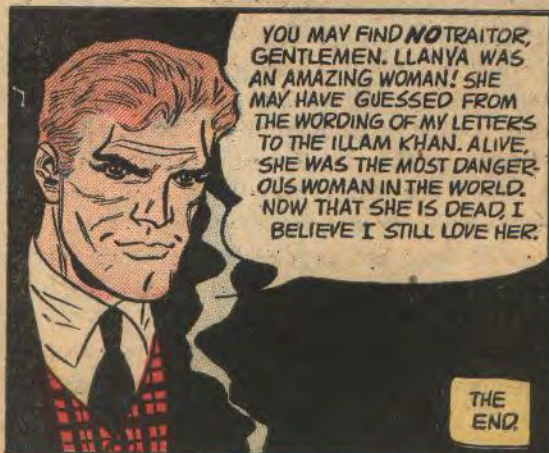


**LLANYA!
LLANYA!**



**"I DO NOT KNOW HOW
LLANYA LEARNED FROM
THE BEGINNING THAT DUKE
DOUGLAS, NOT RAMA PAJ,
WAS GOING TO THE HILLS.
BUT ANYWAY... THERE WILL
BE NO JIHAD!"**

**WE WILL SCREEN OUR
STAFF THOROUGHLY,
DUKE, AND FIND THE
TRAITOR!**



**YOU MAY FIND NO TRAITOR,
GENTLEMEN. LLANYA WAS
AN AMAZING WOMAN! SHE
MAY HAVE GUESSED FROM
THE WORDING OF MY LETTERS
TO THE ILLAM KHAN. ALIVE,
SHE WAS THE MOST DANGER-
OUS WOMAN IN THE WORLD.
NOW THAT SHE IS DEAD, I
BELIEVE I STILL LOVE HER.**

**THE
END**

TOUGH GUY



My boss, manager of the press association said, "Henshaw keeps blubbering foolishness and bringing your name up. You'd better see if you can make any sense out of it."

Now I was entering the psychiatric part of the hospital. The nurse shook her head. "You may make something of it," she said. "In my opinion you won't get anywhere. Don't aggravate him."

He was sitting, staring vacantly ahead, muttering something. When I got nearer to him it sounded like, "I'm Drooly, I'm Drooly." It was a shock. He was a ghost. He was dead, except that his body still functioned. I was glad then I had got out when I did. I thanked God silently. And I thought about Henshaw. The whole thing came back in a flash. In one thought I could remember everything.

We were in Moscow just after the war. Things were tough. You couldn't say anything you wanted to. But compared to later, that was practically a free press. Henshaw was in charge. I was under him. My specialty was finance and economics. I didn't handle hot news. That was Henshaw's job.

Anna was Russian. She came to work there at the Association offices just after I arrived. She was supposed to know English. But it was tough even to understand her spoken words, let alone her spelling. She was pretty. She was more than that. She was beautiful, with slender grace, dark eyes that laughed and sparkled. And she was outspoken. Too outspoken. She did not like the Kremlin and she said so outright. She should have been shot, according to Moscow standards, and she wasn't. So we distrusted her, gave her no important work to do. We were sure she was a spy. And we dared not fire her.

When Henshaw and I could be alone in our hotel, and were sure our walls were not tapped

by recorders, Henshaw would let out a string of curses against the system. "Why don't they call us home?" he would storm. "What good are we here? We're rubber stamps! We send home only what the Kremlin ALLOWS us to send home!" I had to agree. I knew we were as useful as a hole in the head.

I do not know exactly when it was that Henshaw fell for Anna. It came on gradually. It might have been Anna's atrocious use of English. Henshaw began trying to straighten her out English-wise. They began spending time after working hours together at the office. A few times I returned for late work and found them there.

A hundred times I told him, "You're crazy Roy! She'll shove you right down the drain!"

He'd shake his head. "Anna's a hundred percent, Johnny. I'll stake my life on her!"

He did not then realize the truth he was speaking.

The cold war came and it grew fierce. Not only were there censors practically standing over your shoulder, we were hated and tailed every step we took. One day I was called to the Embassy. They said: "Get out of the country. You'll do more good somewhere else." I told Henshaw I was going. He shook his head. "Not me. Not until I can take Anna with me."

I thought Henshaw was crazy, but I never considered him traitorous. Yet, the drive he began to send in before I left had more Red propaganda in it than Pravda. I was glad I was getting out. I wanted no more of Henshaw. I blamed him for it, and I blamed him more than Anna, whom I considered responsible for Henshaw's doubletalk.

You don't really appreciate the girl with the torch in the New York harbor until you've spent some time behind the Iron Curtain. No



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In Choosing Date

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Extract every blackhead with a **SAFE** extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.



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to Skin
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

VIRGIL STAGG KNEW THAT THEY WERE WAITING TO KILL, WAITING TO STRIKE AND READY TO STRIKE AGAIN. THIS PERIL HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ANY POINT OF LAW, BUT IT WAS STILL....

DOUBLE JEOPARDY



A STORY OF FOREIGN ESPIONAGE AND INTRIGUE!

THE OPENING SCENE IS A ROOM IN A LONDON HOTEL....

YOU WILL GO AT ONCE TO THE AIRPORT, JOSEPH. GET ON THE PLANE AND WAIT FOR MR. WADE AND MYSELF. WE WILL BE THERE AS SOON AS CIRCUMSTANCES PERMIT.

YES, SIR. VERY GOOD, MR. STAGG.



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE... A GREAT MODERN PHYSICIST-ENGINEER SPEAKS WITH THE UNITED STATES CHIEF CONSUL....

MR. WADE, THESE FORMULAS ARE THE ENGINEERING DEVELOPMENTS OF YOUR AMERICAN PROFESSOR JAEGER'S THEORIES. YOU KNOW THEIR IMPORTANCE...

THAT'S WHY I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO DELIVER THEM PERSONALLY IN WASHINGTON, SIR MICHAEL.



IT IS THE PRACTICAL METHOD FOR DEVELOPING THE **SUPER HYDROGEN BOMBS**, IN THE HANDS OF A RUTHLESS ENEMY, THE WORLD WOULD NEVER BE SAFE. YOU HOLD THE KEY TO THE OVER-NIGHT DESTRUCTION OF A WHOLE NATION.

WELL, THEY'LL HAVE TO CUT OFF MY ARM, TO GET THE PAPERS.



I FEEL QUITE SECURE WITH VIRGIL STAGG AS MY BODY-GUARD. GOODBYE, SIR MICHAEL.

GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK, MR. WADE.



THEY LEFT SIR MICHAEL FINNEY, AS STAGG FOLLOWED WADE TO THE STEPS OF THE CONSULATE. THEY KNEW THAT DEATH COULD LURK ANYWHERE, FOR A FIFTH COLUMN IS NEVER LABELED. NO SECRET CAN BE GUARANTEED INVOLATE. SUDDENLY!!!

DROP, WADE! DROP DOWN!



STAGG GOT THE WOULD BE KILLER, ALL RIGHT, BUT REALIZED TOO LATE THAT HE HAD BEEN BUT A DECOY. HE SAW WADE FALL, DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE STEPS!!!



STAGG NEVER KNEW WHAT HAD SAVED HIM. ONE SLUG HAD PASSED THROUGH HIS COAT BENEATH HIS ARM, AND ANOTHER HAD JUST CREASED HIS SKULL AS IT WENT THROUGH THE CROWN OF HIS HAT. BUT HIS SPRING-CONTROLLED MACHINE-GUN-TYPE AUTOMATIC SPAT A STACCATO OF DEATH BEFORE HIM!!!



STAGG WASTED NO TIME ON WADE'S BODY. HE DREW A PAIR OF PLIERS FROM HIS POCKET, AND....



NEVER MIND THE FORMALITIES, CHAUFFEUR! GET ME TO THE AIRPORT! GET IN AND DRIVE!

YES, SIR, MR. STAGG!



WITH A ROAR THE CAR ZOOMED AWAY FROM THE CURB....



CONFOUND IT, MAN, STEP ON IT! WE'RE CRAWLING!

IT'S THE TRAFFIC, SIR! IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!



HERE, LET ME TAKE THAT WHEEL! PULL OVER TO THE CURB!

YES, SIR, MR. STAGG!



I'M SORRY, SIR.

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DRIVE THROUGH TRAFFIC!



STAGG PUT THE GAS PEDAL TO THE FLOOR AND OPENED UP THE SIREN ATTACHED TO THE CAR FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES....



WEEEEEEEOOOOEEEEEOOOE



BEFORE VERY LONG, THE AIRPORT LOOMED AHEAD.

CHAUFFEUR, I SEE A CAR IN THE MIRROR, AND I THINK IT'S FOLLOWING! THEY'RE NOT GAINING, THOUGH! I THINK WE'LL MAKE THE PLANE BEFORE THEY DO!

DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT, STAGG!



SLOW DOWN, AND PULL OVER TO THE SIDE!

WHAT? YOU'RE ONE OF THEM TOO? OKAY, I CAN'T ARGUE WITH A GUN!



BUT I CAN ARGUE WITH THE ONE WHO HOLDS THE GUN!!



NO! NO! ARGH-H-H-H!!



RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

OVERPOWERING THE CHAUFFEUR HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL OF STAGG'S SPEED HOWEVER, AND...

HE'S DONE! NOW GET READY TO PICK UP THAT BAG!

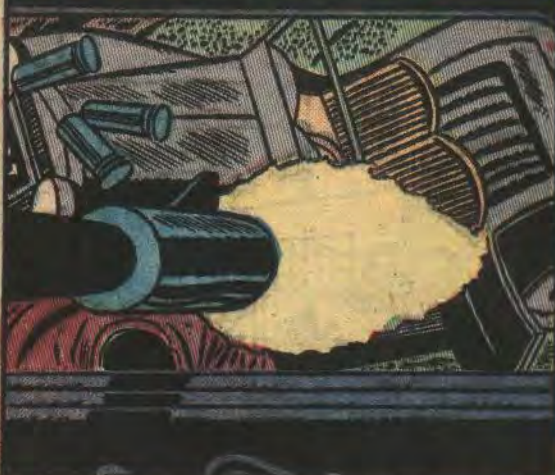


HE LOOKS QUITE DEAD,
MY LEADER! I GIVE HIM
ONE MORE SHOT, EH?

NO, FOOL! GET
THE BAG AND
HURRY!



THE CAR PULLED AWAY. A PARTING MACHINE
GUN BLAST SHOWERED STAGG'S CAR.



STAGG HAD FOOLED HIS ENEMIES. WHEN THE BIG
CAR HAD ROARED AWAY, HE STRUGGLED INTO
SITTING POSITION...

GOT TO GET TO THE AIRPORT!
GOT TO GET TO THE PLANE!!



THE HUGE TRANSPORT WAS PREPARING FOR THE
TAKEOFF AS STAGG REACHED THE AIRPORT. HE
SHOWED HIS CREDENTIALS, AND THE TOWER
HELD THE FLIGHT.



MR. STAGG!
YOU'RE HURT!

I GOT IT BAD, JOSEPH!
...AND THEY HAVE
THE BRIEFCASE...

INDIA FLIGHT
LEAVES 10:07



CAN YOU
HANG ON,
MR. STAGG?
SHOULDN'T
I SEND
YOU TO A
HOSPITAL?

HAVE TO
MAKE IT
...TO...
NEW
YORK.
HAVE TO
JOSEPH!



AN AMBULANCE HAD FOLLOWED STAGG
TO THE PLANE. AS THE ATTENDANTS
CARRIED HIM ON BOARD...

MISS, IT IS MOST IMPORTANT
THAT MR. STAGG REACH
NEW YORK. HE IS OF THE
UNITED STATES SECRET
SERVICE. HE MAY NEED
MEDICAL ATTENTION,
HOWEVER.

I WILL
FIND OUT
SIR. PER-
HAPS A
LINE DOG-
TOR CAN
GO WITH
HIM.



BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT, AN AIRLINE DOCTOR RODE WITH STAGG AND PERFORMED WHAT MEDICAL SERVICE HE COULD. THE NEXT MORNING... AT NEW YORK...



MR. STAGG MUST BE SENT AT ONCE TO THE PRIVATE HOSPITAL OF DR. ROBERT MORRISON. I WILL WRITE DOWN THE ADDRESS FOR YOU.

A FEW HOURS LATER, IN WASHINGTON, D.C., AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE...



GOOD LORD, IT'S VIRGIL STAGG! WE HAD ALL KINDS OF REPORTS ABOUT YOU! THAT YOU WERE SHOT UP, THAT YOU WERE DEAD... DID YOU...

IT WAS RATHER ROUGH, CHIEF. HOWEVER, HERE ARE THE PAPERS.



THEY'RE HERE, ALL RIGHT! EVERY SHEET SIGNED BY SIR MICHAEL FINNEY! STAGG, YOU'RE A MARVEL!

WELL, THANKS, CHIEF, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?



THAT EVENING IN NEW YORK...

CAN I HELP YOU?

JOSEPH MARVIN TO CALL ON MR. VIRGIL STAGG.



HELLO, JOSEPH. EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?

FINE, SIR. MAY I LOCK THIS DOOR? I THOUGHT SURELY YOU WERE TO BE STUCK IN A LONDON HOSPITAL. IT WOULD HAVE RAISED A PROBLEM.



LET ME GET THIS ITCHING BEARD OFF! THERE! THE CHIEF WOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE BEEN IN WASHINGTON, IF YOU'D STAYED IN LONDON!

THAT'S WHY I INSISTED ON COMING TO NEW YORK! GETTING SIR MICHAEL'S OKAY TO HAVE **YOU** CARRY THE REAL PAPERS SURE FOOLED THOSE REDS, AND HAVING AN IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHER IS BUILDING ME QUITE A REPUTATION! HAS THE CHIEF ANYTHING ELSE, LEO?



WELL, YES, BUT IT CAN WAIT TILL YOU'RE BETTER. MEANWHILE, I'LL BECOME VIRGIL STAGG AND GET A LINE ON WHAT THE CHIEF HAS.

OKAY, BUT YOU'D BETTER GET BEHIND THAT SPINACH AGAIN. I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

THE END

IT WAS THE UNDERGROUND THAT DELIVERED MEL OLIVER TO ME FROM THE RED CZECH PRISON. DELIVERY WAS MADE IN A LONELY AUSTRIAN HILLTOP WOOD THAT WAS STILL IN THE RED ZONE. I KNEW IT WAS DANGEROUS, BUT I DIDN'T QUITE REALIZE I WAS HELPING OLIVER...

ESCAPE TO DEATH



A DUKE DOUGLAS ESPIONAGE THRILLER!

BEAR UP A LITTLE LONGER, MEL. THE WORST'S OVER... NOW IN A FEW HOURS... THREE AT THE OUTSIDE...

WON'T GO ALL TO PIECES, DUKE. NOT AFTER EVERYTHING... THAT'S HAPPENED!

THE 'COPTER WOBBLED ITS WAY UPWARD WITH COMPARATIVE QUIET. I HAD ONLY TO DELIVER MEL SAFELY NOW TO...

MARIE! I'LL SEE MARIE AGAIN, WON'T I DOUGLAS?

SHE'LL BE WAITING, MEL. SHE'LL BE WAITING.

IT WAS A SHORT HOP, PERHAPS AN HOUR, A LITTLE LONGER, BEFORE WE REACHED VIENNA.

THE COLONEL IS WAITING, DOUGLAS. HE'S HAD THE JITTERS ALL NIGHT.

WE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO HIM SERGEANT. GET THE 'COPTER PUT AWAY.



MEL HAD GONE TO THE COUNTRY, OSTENSIBLY AS A PRESS REPRESENTATIVE, BUT I KNEW HE REALLY WAS A SPY FOR THE GOVERNMENT. THAT'S WHY WE HAD TO GET HIM OUT FAST. THE COLONEL KNEW IT, TOO...

WE HAVE A JET AT YOUR DISPOSAL, DOUGLAS. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

MEL'S WIFE HAS A PARIS HIDEOUT. I'LL GET DIRECTION, VIA SHORTWAVE, FROM THE PARIS POLICE.

I TOOK THE JET UPWARD WITH ZOOMING POWER. NOTHING COULD TOUCH US NOW. LET THE REDS VELL!

I BUZZED PARIS AND GOT CONTACT WITH THE PARIS POLICE. WE SPOKE FRENCH, USING A PREARRANGED CODE. WHAT THEY TOLD ME I DID NOT LIKE...



BUT I REACHED THE PARIS AIRPORT WITHOUT INCIDENT. A TAXI WAS WAITING FOR US...

RUE CROIX, DRIVER. I WILL GIVE THE NUMBER WHEN WE ARRIVE THERE.

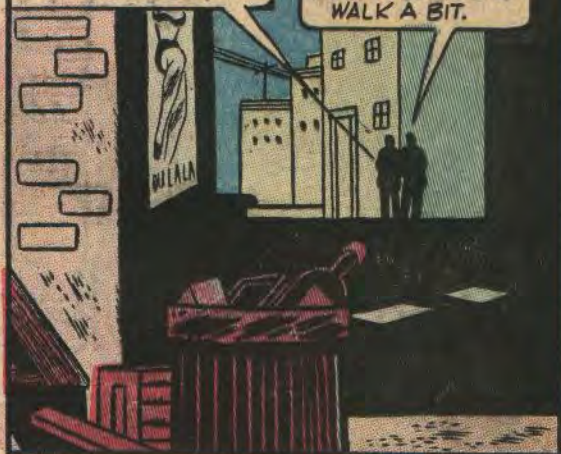
OUI, M'SIEUR!



AT RUE CROIX I ORDERED THE CAB TO THE CURB...

NOW, DOUGLAS? NOW WE FIND HER?

PRETTY SOON NOW, MEL. WE'LL HAVE TO WALK A BIT.



HERE WE ARE. THIS IS THE NUMBER.

GOSH, IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME, DOUGLAS! I HAVEN'T SEEN HER... SO... LONG!



DOWN THE HALL, THEY SAID. AT THE END OF THE HALL THERE IS A DOOR.



THE DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL WAS NOT LOCKED AND WE ENTERED. A SICKLY GLIMMER OF LIGHT CAME THROUGH A REAR WINDOW THAT OPENED ON A COURT...

WHERE IS SHE, DOUGLAS? WHY ISN'T SHE WAITING HERE? WHY IS IT DARK?



IS... IS THAT YOU, MARIE?



NO! YOU WILL KEEP HANDS IN AIR. YOU STAND AGAINST LIGHT AND I CAN SEE YOU. ONE MOVE AND I WILL KILL YOU BOTH. CAPITALIST PIGS!

WHA.. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

IT MEANS WE'RE TRAPPED, MEL. IN THIS CASE THE RAT HAS SPRUNG THE TRAP... A RED RAT!



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY WIFE? TO MARIE?

QUIET! IN TIME YOU WILL KNOW! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD FOOL THE PEOPLE'S ARMY? IN AN HOUR THE POLICE FROM THE GREAT PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC WILL BE HERE!



OF COURSE, THEY WOULD NOT BE ANGRY TO FIND YOU DEAD! THE CHOICE IS UP TO YOU!

GO AHEAD AND KILL ME, YOU LOUSY RED! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY WIFE?



FOOL! NEXT TIME I WILL NOT MISS THE HEART! NOW QUIET!

OWWWW! MY SIDE! MY SIDE!



DO AS HE SAYS, MEL. IT'S
YOUR ONLY CHANCE...
FOR HER!

OH, GOD! AFTER
EVERYTHING
THIS!



S
U
D
D
E
N
L
Y

FOOTSTEPS! WHO IS IT, PIGS! IT IS
NOT TIME FOR THE PEOPLE'S POLICE
YET! TELL ME WHO IT IS OR I SHOOT!



*THE PARIS POLICE "DUKE SAID "NOT YOUR
PHONY RED THUGS. DO YOU THINK I'D BRING
OLIVER HERE WITHOUT A SAFEGUARD? THIS
WHOLE PLACE IS SURROUNDED BY NOW!"



PARIS POLICE, BAH! YOU WILL SEE
HOW WELL THEY SERVE YOU! GIVE A
WORD OF WARNING AND YOU DIE!



THE DOOR OPENED QUICKLY. I HAD NOT
EXPECTED THE POLICE TO BE SO FOOLHARDY.
THEN I SAW IT WAS NOT THE POLICE...



EEEEEE!! ANTON, IT'S
ME! YOU'VE SHOT ME!

YOU! FOOL, HAVE YOU
NO BRAINS? IT
SERVES YOU RIGHT!





MARIE! YOU KILLED MARIE!



OLIVER LUNGED. I SHOVED HIM AWAY, AS THE COMMIE FIRED AGAIN...

LET ME AT HIM! LET ME AT THAT KILLER!



IN THE CONFUSION I DREW MY OWN GUN, LET THE RED HAVE IT. JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE POLICE ARRIVED...



OH, ANTON... YOU... KILL ME, AFTER ALL WE... HAVE MEANT TO EACH OTH...
...UNNNN...

SHE'S DEAD.

MARIE... DEAD...



SORRY, MEL. POLICE TOLD ME BY RADIO THAT MARIE TOOK A MAN IN HERE AND CAME OUT AGAIN. I HAD THEM PICK HER UP. IT MIGHT HAVE STILL BEEN ON THE LEVEL. WE HAD TO TAKE THAT CHANCE.

SHE WAS AT THE HEADQUARTERS, M'SIEU, BUT SHE ESCAPED AND CAME HERE, MOST LIKELY TO GLOAT OVER THE TRAP SHE HAD SPRUNG.



BUT I TRUSTED HER... SHE WAS MY WIFE!

BE GLAD YOU HAVE FOUND OUT, M'SIEU! FOR AT HEADQUARTERS THEES WOMAN IS KNOWN AS A RED. THERE SHE BECAME ANGRY, DEFIANT. SHE LAUGHED THAT SHE HAD CAUSED YOUR **FIRST** ARREST, M'SIEU!



THERE WAS A HARD SET TO MEL OLIVER'S MOUTH. HE WASN'T LICKED AND I WAS GLAD OF THAT. THE RED POLICE WOULD SOON ARRIVE TO TAKE US. BUT THE PARIS POLICE WOULD BE READY FOR THEM.

I HAD TO GET OLIVER TO A DOCTOR, THEN TO A PLANE FOR THE U.S.A. AFTER ALL, GETTING HIM OUT OF THERE WAS THE KINDEST THING I COULD POSSIBLY DO.

THE END.

one ever looked so good to me. But when I called to see the boss I had the feeling that I didn't look so good to him. All he could do was ask how Henshaw was and what Henshaw was doing, and in what condition of health he was. After the stuff Henshaw had been sending to him I began to wonder if I was cracked.

Then I began to hear about a ghost. A ghost that told everything just as it really was. The Ghost was a release by the Association that gave the real lowdown behind the Iron Curtain. It was the McCoy. I couldn't figure where it could have come from. Certainly not from me and certainly not from the junk that Henshaw sent through. It was six months later that Henshaw was arrested. Also Anna. There was the report of a trial. It said that Anna Karka had been executed as a spy, that Henshaw was to be given fifteen years in prison. They had confessed to pro-American, anti-Soviet activity. The boss said, "We're pulling every wire we know." He turned to America last week, after a year and a half in the Soviet hoosegow. After Henshaw's arrest, the ghost died. There were no more of his columns.

I walked up to the man who used to be Henshaw. I said: "Hello, Roy."

Suddenly the vacant look disappeared. Henshaw grinned, poked out his hand. "Hello, Johnny," he said. Then a sad expression came over him. "We had a code, Johnny. The Boss and I. We worked it out before I went there. I praised the Reds—with expressions that were very intricately coded. I was the Ghost, Johnny. You didn't know that, did you?"

"I never guessed," I told him. Then he became grim.

"With all the dynamite I sent out, without their getting wise, it had to be dear, sweet little Anna who tripped me." He shook his head.

I didn't want to say, "I told you so," but Henshaw saw it in my eyes. He shook his head.

"It was the day of our arrest," he continued. "Anna came into the office, bright, happy, and slipped me a note. I opened it and read it, before I realized, a couple of MVD's were hiding in the closet. They snatched the note.

Henshaw swore. He was having trouble with his self-control. He made it. "You never went through one of their inquisitions, Johnny. I stood for hours under a bright light, with a single piercing note from some kind of electrical machine humming in my ears. Hours, a couple of days. Questions, questions. I didn't crack, Johnny. Not then. Why, I'll never know. They put me back in a cell. I was there for six days. In solitary.

"One day they opened my cell door and pushed her into my cell. It wasn't Anna any more. But it HAD been Anna. Only her eyes were the same. Her eyes told me she was not afraid to die. Her lips spoke, too, Johnny, and when they spoke, I hated the dirty Reds, because I knew they had used her innocence to trap me. They had twisted a simple thing into a horror. But she said the words of her note exactly as she had written them. She whispered, 'I lof you drooly'."

I saw the light fade out of Henshaw's eyes. It had been one lucid moment before complete blackness. When they had executed Anna, they had killed Henshaw also. He began to say, "I'm Drooly, I'm Drooly!" I turned away. The boss would say Henshaw had had no right . . . he had been untrue to his profession. The Ghost might still be . . .

The boss would never know.

I closed the door. The nurse said, "Any luck, Mr. Collins?"

I shook my head. "He's crazy as a loon." Then I went on out to the street.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF DANGER, published bi-monthly at New York City, N. Y. (add'l entry—Syracuse, N. Y.), for August 17, 1953.

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2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Allen Hardy Associates, Inc., 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.; Allen B. Hardy, 500 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.; Philip Birch, 262 Dundas St., London, Ont., Canada; Harry Lutz, 630 Michigan Theatre Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

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(Signed) JERRY FELDMANN, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of August 1953. (Signed) SYLVEN SALTZER, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

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Address _____

**THERE IS A TIME
AND PLACE FOR
ALL THINGS," GOES
THE OLD SAYING!
THE PLACE IS
MID-OCEAN, AND
THE TIME IS...**

TWO MINUTES TO MURDER



**IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A VACATION... TO
LOOK LIKE ONE, THAT IS. BUT I KNEW WHAT
I WAS IN HAITI FOR. I'D BEEN WAITING FOR
THE CALL FOR A WEEK, AND HERE IT WAS...**

**YES, SIR. I'LL BE THERE
IN A FEW MINUTES.**



**THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO
THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI WAS WAITING
FOR ME. HE WAVED THE NATIVE
SERVANT OUT OF THE ROOM...**

**LET ME EXPLAIN THE
SITUATION, STARK. IT
CONCERNS FOREIGN
EXCHANGE, A SETTLE-
MENT...**

**YES? WHAT
KIND OF
SETTLEMENT?**



**A STORY OF DANGER ON
THE HIGH SEAS!**



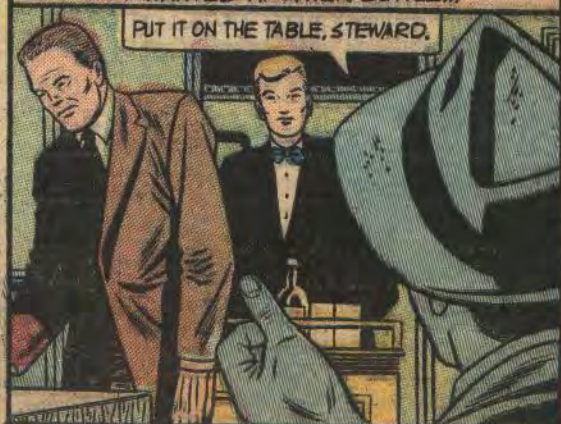
THE **SOUTHERN SPRITE** CLEARED PORT AU PRINCE AT NOON, SATURDAY, APRIL 25TH. SHORTLY AFTER SAILING I GOT MY FIRST CALL FOR SERVICE...



THE **SOUTHERN SPRITE** WAS A LIGHT, FAST FREIGHTER PASSENGER SHIP CARRYING ABOUT FIFTY TOURIST PASSENGERS, BY THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON WE WERE WELL OUT AT SEA.



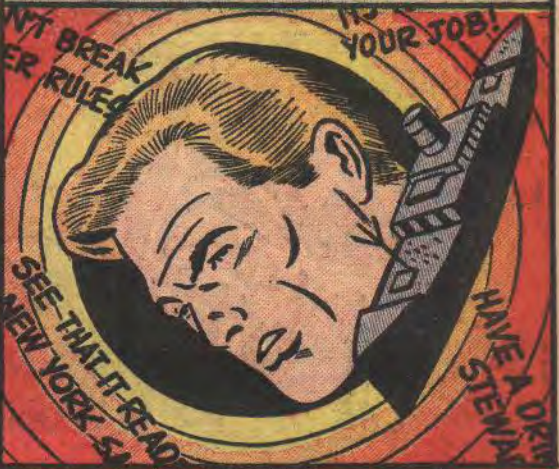
GENERALLY SPEAKING, THE PASSENGERS SEEMED OKAY. BUT A DOZEN COULD HAVE BEEN CANDIDATES FOR ALCATRAZ. I WAS THINKING THAT WHEN I ANSWERED A SECOND CALL SUNDAY AFTERNOON FROM DAVIGA AND AMENTO, MY FIRST CUSTOMERS, THEY WANTED ANOTHER BOTTLE...



WHA? OOWWHHHHH!!!



I CAME TO WITH TEN THOUSAND VOODOO DRUMS POUNDING IN MY HEAD. I OPENED MY EYES AND CLOSED THEM AGAIN, MY BRAIN WILDLY SPINNING.



THEN SLOWLY MY MIND FOCUSED ON A CALENDAR HANGING ON THE WALL. SUNDAY, THE 26TH OF APRIL... ON THE 26TH OF LAST APRIL I HAD BEEN DANCING WITH VIRGINIA. I'D ASKED HER TO MARRY ME. INSTEAD I GOT THE AIR. VIRGINIA WAS MARRIED NOW TO A NICE SAFE, WEALTHY GUY. MAYBE NOTHING WOULD COME OF THIS EITHER.



I SNAPPED OUT OF IT AND BEGAN TO WORK ON THE ROPES THAT TIED ME. I HADN'T BEEN SAPPED AND TIED UP FOR NOTHING... SOMEONE MEANING DAWGA AND AMENTO... KNEW WHY I WAS ABOARD. IT TOOK A WHILE TO LOOSEN THE ROPES.



HOUDINI COULD HAVE GOT OUT OF THE COILS NO FASTER. I DIDN'T WAIT TO SEE WHO WAS ENTERING...



I CONNECTED AND SAW AMENTO'S LAMPS GLAZE OVER AS HIS KNEES FOLDED...



I GRABBED HIS ROD AND LET HIM HAVE IT. HE WOULD STAY PUT FOR A WHILE...



I SEWED UP AMENTO WITH THE ROPE I HAD BEEN TIED WITH. THEN I TRIED TO PHONE THE CAPTAIN.

HELLO...HELLO...NO USE.
I CAN'T RAISE HIM.



THEY HAD TAKEN MY ROD, BUT I NOW HAD AMENTO'S. I STARTED FOR THE DECK...



I WAS WELL ALONG THE COMPANIONWAY, AND FAILED TO HEAR A DOOR OPEN BEHIND ME...

DROP THE ROD, JUNIOR!
REACH YOUR PAWS HIGH!



IN THERE, JUNIOR. IN
THE MAIN CABIN!



IT WAS A
NICE SET UP...
VERY NICE. AND
I HAD BEEN
PUT ABOARD
TO PREVENT
ANY SUCH THING
FROM HAPPENING!
THE CAPTAIN
GLOWERED AT
ME. DAVIGA
WAS TALKING.
HE TURNED
TOWARD THE
GOON AND
ME...

WE GOT THIS WHOLE SHIP BOTTLED
UP, SEE? IT WON'T DO YOU ANY
GOOD TO TRY ANYTHING...

HEY...I SENT AMENTO
TO GET THAT BUM...
WHERE IS HE?

I DUNNO, JUNIOR
WAS ON THE LAM
WHEN I FOUND HIM!



DAVIGA SENT THE GOON TO THE STATE ROOM. PRETTY SOON.

YOU LOUSY #!!G!!
SHAMUS! I'M GONNA
BLAST YOUR HEAD
OFF!

PIPE DOWN, TONY! HE AINT
GON' ANYWHERE! STASH
THE ROD! GO LOOK OUTSIDE!



WE ALL LOOKED TOWARD THE CABIN WINDOW. AS
I TURNED I SAW DAVIGA LOOK AT HIS WRIST WATCH.
HE SAID: "IT'S TEN TO FIVE... IN FIVE MINUTES OUR
BOAT'LL BE HERE."



IT'LL TAKE A HALF HOUR TO UNLOAD THE GOLD.
THEN ME AN' MY PALS ARE GONNA L.A.M. YOU
WON'T REPORT US. THE RADIO'S JAMMED
PLENTY. HERE'S THE PAYOFF ON THIS DEAL.
LAST NIGHT WE PLANTED A BOMB THAT'LL
BLOW THIS RAFT APART LIKE A MATCHBOX!
IT'S HOOKED UP TO THE CLOCK IN THE
CAPTAIN'S CABIN! HA, HA, HA!



MOST OF MY GUYS WILL GET ABOARD, SEE?
BUT ME AND THE BOYS WITH THE TYPE-
WRITERS WILL STAY UNTIL FIVE TO SIX.
...AT SIX THIS CRATE BLOWS APART!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
THING THAT
IS WRONG,
DAVIGA...



HUH??
WHADDYA
MEAN?

THIS IS APRIL 26TH, THE LAST SUNDAY
OF THE MONTH. AT TWO A.M. THE CAPTAIN'S
CLOCK... ALL SHIP'S CLOCKS... WERE SET
AN HOUR AHEAD FOR **DAYLIGHT
SAVING TIME!**



ACCORDING TO THAT, YOUR
BOMB IS DUE TO GO OFF IN
ABOUT FIVE MINUTES!



MY WORDS COULD HAVE BEEN THE BOMB ITSELF EXPLODING. FOR AN INSTANT EVERYONE STOOD IN TERROR. THEN THE GOONS RUSHED FOR THE DOOR... ALL BUT DAVIGA. THE PASSENGERS WERE SLOWER TO REALIZE. I RUSHED DAVIGA...



THE CAPTAIN GRABBED DAVIGA'S GUN...

WE WON'T LEAVE UNTIL THE LAST SECOND. ALL CREW MEN TAKE YOUR PLACES!



OUTSIDE, TERROR REIGNED AMONG THE GOONS.



WHERE IS THE BOMB, DAVIGA? MAYBE WE CAN GET TO IT IN TIME! THERE ARE STILL A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

IN THE BOILER ROOM, BEHIND THE NUMBER THREE BOILER! HURRY! HURRY!!

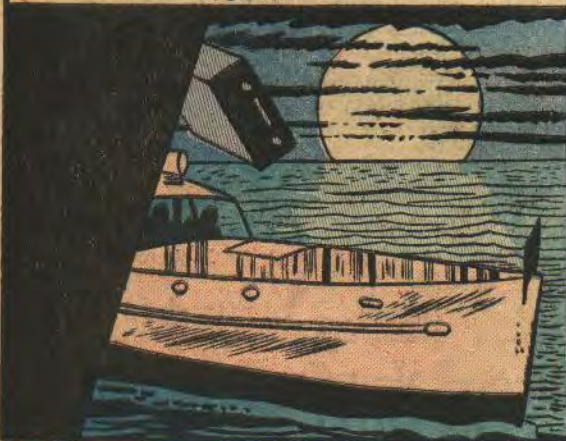
TWO ENGINEERS WERE ALREADY BACK AT THEIR STATIONS, WHEN I REACHED THE BOILER ROOM...

QUICK! I WANT A HAND!

I'VE DISCONNECTED THE WIRING! ONE OF YOU HELP ME CARRY IT UP! THEN GIVE THE SHIP FULL SPEED AHEAD!



ON DECK I REMOVED THE PIN AND WE HEAVED THE BOMB. THE SOUTHERN SPRITE WAS ALREADY UNDER WAY WHEN THE BOMB HIT DAVIGA'S BOAT...



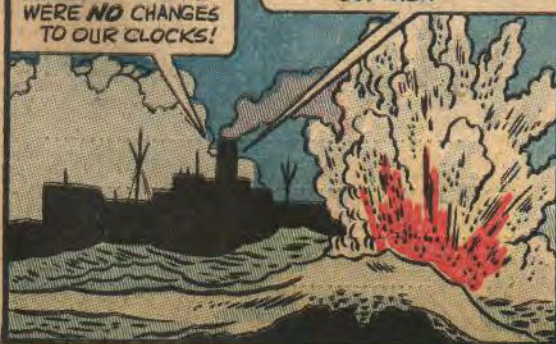
THE SOUTHERN SPRITE WAS CLEAR, AND WEAVING A ZIG-ZAG COURSE UNTIL THE SKIPPER GOT CONTROL. THEN SHE STRAIGHTENED OUT...

STARK, THAT WAS QUICK THINKING ON YOUR PART. YOU KNEW OF COURSE THAT WE RUN ON STANDARD TIME! THAT THERE WERE NO CHANGES TO OUR CLOCKS!

OF COURSE, CAPTAIN. I WAS SURE GLAD YOU KEPT THE PASSENGERS FROM JUMPING OVERBOARD. WE HAD TO GET RID OF THAT MOB, BUT FAST!

DAVIGA'S OUR ONLY CANDIDATE FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, BUT... WHATEVER MADE YOU THINK OF THAT DAYLIGHT TIME GAG?

FUNNY IN A WAY, I SAW A CALENDAR THAT REMINDED ME OF A YEAR AGO. THAT WAS A HAPPY PARTY WITH A SAD ENDING. GUESS I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE NICE TO REVERSE THE ORDER THIS YEAR!





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Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments**

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

**Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action
FREE LOAN PAPERS**

NO OBLIGATION

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

STATE FINANCE COMPANY MAIL COUPON TODAY!
Dept. H-195, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with **FREE** Loan Application and Loan Papers for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation..... Age.....

Amount you want to borrow \$.....



PAY DOCTOR BILLS



PAY INSURANCE



PAY OLD DEBTS

CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan. All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. **ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!**

IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

**Old Reliable Company —
MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF SERVICE**

STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

You'll enjoy borrowing this easy, confidential, convenient way from this old, responsible company in whom you can place the greatest confidence.



**STATE FINANCE
COMPANY**

Dept. H-195, 323 Securities Bldg.
Omaha 2, Nebraska

Whee!

FREE as a bird...

A "Quick-Action" OPPORTUNITY to

WIN \$25,000 CASH PRIZES

1st Prize \$15,000

The Amazing New EnterPRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST

Sponsored by the NATIONAL BOOK CLUB

Get the Facts FREE! But ACT NOW!

WIN REAL MONEY!

HOW TO SOLVE SAMPLE PUZZLE

CLUE No. 1: THE "HOOSIER" STATE.



You will see there are a SINK, a DIAL, the SOLE of a shoe and various letters of the alphabet. There are two plus and two minus signs. It is necessary to add and subtract the names and letters as shown by the plus and minus signs. First, write down SINK. Then, add DIAL to it. Next, add ONEA. All this equals SINKDIALONEA. Now, you must subtract the letters in SOLE and K. When this is done you are left with INDIANA. Indiana is the Hoosier State, so the result checks with Clue No. 1.

**Fun? Yes! Now Solve
This Typical Contest Puzzle**



Here's a quick-action puzzle contest that rings the bell. It's fair, it's square — and it offers the winners a golden opportunity to get a new slant on Life! Just imagine — \$15,000 in nice crisp crackling \$100 bills! Well — YOU have the opportunity to win this kind of money but you must act now! Simply fill out the coupon below and mail. The very day we get your coupon we'll rush you full particulars on the amazing new EnterPRIZE "Quick-Action" Puzzle Contest. Here's the golden opportunity you've been waiting for! Grab it!

FUN TO ENTER! FUN TO DO!

No Gimmicks! Only Skill Counts!

The EnterPRIZE "Quick-Action" PUZZLE CONTEST is the contest every puzzle-minded person in the country has been waiting for. This contest is sponsored by the National Book Club to introduce its publications to as many new friends as possible. Just look at the SAMPLE

PUZZLE at the left. Here is a typical puzzle with every picture waiting to be identified. Everything open and above board — nothing tricky. That's one big reason you'll agree this is among the fairest, squarest contests ever offered to American puzzle-fans.

**FAIR AND SQUARE — ONLY STANDARD PICTURES
USED! AN AMAZING NEW CONCEPT IN PUZZLES**

To make the contest fair and square for one and all, the Judges and Sponsor of the EnterPRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST have decided to take their picture illustrations only from READILY AVAILABLE AND OBTAINABLE SOURCES.

AND MORE! Every solution to every puzzle has a point value according to an error-proof table of letter values. You will know AT ONCE if your answer is right or wrong.

You owe it to yourself to try to stop money worries and GET ON THE ROAD TO SECURITY. And here's your opportunity. For the price of a postage stamp, we will send you FREE the Entry Form, the Official Rules, the First Series of Puzzles — EVERYTHING you need to enter. So make up your mind now — decide to win! Get the facts and MAIL COUPON TODAY!!

Big Bonus for Promptness

Mail this coupon at once and learn how you can qualify to win a special extra promptness bonus of either a 1954 Riviera Buick or a beautiful Ranch Mink Coat. The choice is up to you if you win.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS—MAIL COUPON TODAY

ENTERPRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST

P. O. Box 660, General Post Office, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

I want full particulars about the \$25,000.00 ENTERPRIZE PUZZLE CONTEST. Please mail me FREE the Official Entry Form, Rules, and First Series of Puzzles.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

(Add Zone, if any)

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Remember the PROMPTNESS BONUS—MAIL TODAY!

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**TUMMY-FLATTENER

**Interlocking Hands
of Firm Support***

Only
\$3⁹⁸

Clasp your hands across abdomen as the illustration below shows. Now, press up and in. Feel good? That's how you feel the instant you put on the exciting, new De Luxe TUMMY-FLATTENER. Appear slimmer, instantly! Supports every movement! And what a difference it makes in your gowns and dresses! De Luxe TUMMY-FLATTENER, because of its exclusive cut-away feature, is the only slimming foundation that can be worn under dresses, slacks and the briefest shorts. Now as the seasons change, you'll really appreciate the De Luxe TUMMY-FLATTENER. The De Luxe TUMMY-FLATTENER comes complete with detachable garters and changeable crotch piece.

*T.M. Reg. Pending



T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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WARD GREEN CO., 113 WEST 57th ST. DEPT. T-7912,
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Rush my De Luxe TUMMY-FLATTENER in PLAIN WRAPPER ON APPROVAL by Return Mail. I'll pay postman \$3.98 plus postage. If not thrilled and delighted with results, I may return in 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price.

Waist measure _____

I enclose \$3.98 (extra large sizes 37 and up \$4.98) (Ward Green Co. pays postage.)

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Also send _____ extra crotch pieces at 50c each. 5 for \$2

**MAIL TODAY!
SEND
NO MONEY**

